





P O E T I C A L P I E C E S

B Y

SEVERAL HANDS.

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ :

Aut simul et jucunda, et idonea dicere vitæ.

HOR.

Let such teach others who themselves excell ;

And censure freely who have written well.

If MÆVIUS scribble in APOLLO's spight,

There are who judge still worse than he can write.

POPE.



L O N D O N :

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M.D.CC.LII.



TO

RICHARD GLOVER, Esq;

S I R,

THESE Poetical Essays, such as they are, with some Trifles of my own, are most humbly inscribed to you, tho' much unworthy of your Notice. Indeed, give me Leave to say, and the public Voice will think me so in doing it, that I acknowledge myself too adventurous; for such an obscure Person as I am, to dare to put your Name to this Collection, without first obtaining your Permission for it. But, Sir, your Learning, your Humanity, your good Sense, your ———, but I forbear saying more, lest it should seem bordering too much upon Adulation, which I know you detest.

I am, Sir,

Your most devoted

and obedient humble Servant,

JOHN STEVENS.

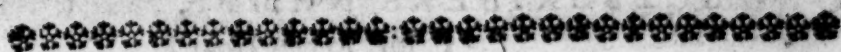
RICHARD CLOVER, Esq.

1818

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mission for a Poetical Work to be
presented to you. I am, your
most obedient servant, I should
have hoped for such an Address
from which I know you will

I am, Sir,
Your most devoted
and obedient humble servant

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A PASTORAL



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IF to plead any thing in his Favour that could in some Degree bespeak the Compassion of the Generous and Humane, I would say that the **EDITOR** is, to my Knowledge, a Man who once lived well in the World, but by unforeseen Misfortunes, (not any ways owing to his own Misconduct) incident to every Man in Trade, and what every One is liable to, has been forced for some Time to be obliged to his Friends, whose farther Assistance he cannot expect, having been so long a Burthen on them; therefore humbly relieth upon the Public for a kind Reception

Reception of these Trifles, upon which,
his future Subsistence intirely depends.

R. RICHARDS,

At the Corner of *Barnard's-Inn, Holborn.*

* * * The EDITOR, with a Heart
full of Gratitude, returns, his unfeigned
Thanks for the kind Assistance of his
Friends, in procuring him Subscriptions,
and flatters himself with their farther
Indulgence, in promoting the Sale of
his Book, now that it is published.

P. S. *It is humbly hoped that the courteous
Reader will excuse some Faults he may meet
with occasioned by the Hurry of the Press.*

S U B-





A

POETICAL RHAPSODY.

INSCRIBED,

TO RICHARD GLOVER, Esq;

Permit me *GLOVER*, to address these Lines,
Unpolish'd, artless, as they are to *THEE*,
Whose judgment, if you deign to approve them,
Will sure protect me from the envious tribe
Of snarling critics.



SOON as the Cock, shrill Trumpeter
of Day,

Sounds his Alarm, with gloomy Care
depress'd

I rouse my Head, to meet the orient
Light,

Dawning through yonder Lattice: But, nor Morn

Rob'd in the gawdy Purple of the East,

Nor all the num'rous Comforts Nature yields

B

To cherish the desponding Heart of Man
 Bring the least Balm to my distemper'd Soul,
 Haunted eternally :——To me, revolve
 Alike both Night and Day. Reflections keen 10
 Pierce through my Soul : Dull, moaping melancholy,
 Racking Impatience, leaden Discontent,
 Sit on my Heart o'ercharg'd :——These and more,
 Ten thousand more, Disturbers of my Peace,
 Prey on my Vitals. So the Poets tell 15
 How *IO, ravish'd of Saturnean JOVE,
 Self-seeming an imaginary Cow,
 Forlorn, abandon'd, o'er the Egyptian Coast
 Haunted by *Furies* roam'd : ORESTES so,
 Fell Butcher of his Mother, saw the Ghost
 Ever before his Eyes ; dire Spectacle ! 20
 Threat'ning Destruction ! saw the Furies too,
 Smacking their Scorpions ; cruel Torture this !
 But these deservedly were tortur'd : Me,
 Less guilt of Conscience haunts ; yet I than these
 Endure far keener Pangs : By Night I strive 25
 To catch some broken Slumbers ; but in vain.—
 My Eyes, as well as Mind, to balmy Rest
 Are quite estrang'd ; who'e Nights, without a Wink,

* IO, was Daughter of a River God, afterwards worshiped in Egypt.



I lie disconsolate, for break of Day
 Waiting impatient ; if, perhaps, the Morn 30
 Might administer Relief : — Morn returns :
 But how ? ten thousand fresh Anxieties,
 Concomitant with Morn attack me. — Thus
 Forc'd from my Couch, grown restless by Despair,
 I rise, if possible, to fly myself, and shun 35
 That cruel Monster, Thought. With this Intent,
 Taking a short Repast, I sally forth,
 Attended only by some dead Companion,
 HORACE or CICERO, to a neighb'ring Wood,
 Where croaking melancholy daws aloof, 40
 Perch'd on the Summit of old pollard Oaks,
 Answer my Lamentations with a Sound
 Somewhat concordant ; and the hollow Woods
 Re-echo to our Noise, — while thus I roam
 All solitary, comes a straggling Sheep, 45
 And passing, stares me in the Face, then flies
 Precipitately from me as a Plague.
 Not so the *Thracian* Poet, ORPHEUS nam'd :
 His Grievs, indeed, were wonderfully great,
 Like mine ; bereaved of his beauteous Bride, 50
 Twice mourning for EURYDICE ; I too,
 Torn from a Spouse, of more endearing Charms,

Study the fondest Darling of my Life;
 But he much greater Comfort found in Grief,
 Whether on *Rhodopeian* Mountains, or 55
 Near to the cold *Strymonian* Lake reclin'd;
 Soon as he touch'd his sad resounding Lyre,
 Sole Partner of his Woe; straight flock'd around,
 Attracted by his shrill melodious Notes,
 Of Birds and Beasts, whate'er the Thicket yields, 60
 Or spacious Forest, Tygers, Panthers, Bears,
 And all the wing'd Militia of the Air.
 A mute Assembly! and, with one Consent,
 Dancing attentive to his Complaints, applied
 Some Consolation to his Love-sick Heart. 65
 Me, other Fate attends: Me Birds and Beasts
 Glare on aloof, a dreary Spectacle!
 And fly me with more Horror than a Plague,
 Contagion's in my Looks, Hell in my Thoughts;
 For in these lonesome Groves (like Mariners 70
 Who scap'd from *Scylla* to *Charibdis* steer,)
 I meet the very Thing I meant to shun,
 The very Monster THOUGHT. How happy I,
 Were Thought no more? Or, if as some believe
 Death's not an abolition of our Sense, 75
 Surely 'tis reasonable to opine

That

That our immortal, immaterial Souls,
 Purged by Death from their corporeal Dross,
 And disunited, do at once shake off
 All their Sollicitations, all their Lusts,
 Merely engender'd from the Body.——If

Truth be in this Suspicion, then to me
 How welcome Death. Thou sov'reign Balsam, come,
 Gentle restorative of Health and Ease,

Let me recline my much afflicted Head 85

On thy soft downy Knee. Capacious Grave,

The House to which all Human-kind resort ;

Let me, O let me, hide myself in thee

From this intestine War? Thy spacious Womb

Receives alike the fine imperial Dust 90

Of Monarchs, and the Beggars coarser Clay

Alike ; both King and Counsellors in thee

Lie down to Rest, and all Coheirs of Peace

Meet Immortality and Bliss secure.

But here, how fleet, how fragile, are our Joys! 95

How transitory human Biss! I late

Carefs'd, befriended of so many, now,

By all but one abandoned sit alone

Repining at my Lot : But why repine?

Can any Thing be stable here on Earth? 100

Turn

Turn to the Monarch of the gorgeous East,
 Sophies, Moguls, Grand Signiors, Soldans, Cams;
 See them one Day refulgent on a Throne,
 See them superb in Majesty, adorn'd
 With all that Art or Nature can bestow ; 105
 Flatter'd, carefs'd, ador'd like Gods ; elate.
 Another Day, (perhaps the Scene is chang'd
 O dreadful Emblem of Mortality !)
 See them divested of their Trappings, dead,
 Wan, pallid, meagre, shrouded in a Tomb : 110
 Or see them (what is worse,) more rueful chang'd,
 Captiv'd, imprison'd, Exil'd, drag'd in state,
 Affix'd to some triumphal Chariots Wheels,
 The abject Puppets of a gawdy shew.
 This the Conclusion of all human Pomp: 115
 This the Catastrophe of Kings ; and I
 Repine, forsooth, at Fate, an Insect-vile,
 Worm and no Man ; because my tender Bud
 Once flourishing, is now nipt off, destroy'd
 By blighting Frosts.—Call, call up all thy Strength 120
 My Soul, assemble all thy Fortitude :
 Reflect on *Cræsus*, see him this Day crown'd,
 Seated beneath a brilliant Canopy ;
 See his Satellites quick fluttering round
 His

His bright Pavilion ; rich in od'rous Fumes 125
 And gold Embroidery. To-morrow comes ;
 Where's the great *Cræsus* now, that God on Earth ?
 Where ? why imprison'd, ravish'd of his Realms,
 And barbarously hurl'd into a Fire ;
 Vicissitude, how grievous ! nor yet here 130
 Fortune's Inconstancy prevails alone :
 States, Dominions, Empires, Palaces,
 Vanish and die like Men.——I might insist
 On many, but shall dwell on *Rome* alone.
 Oh ! once majestick *Rome* ! oh ! Martial State ! 135
 Seated on seven Hills to hold the Reins
 Of all the Globe, and overlook the World :
 Great Nurse of Heroes, and Delight of Gods !
 Oh ! *Rome*, how art thou fallen, debas'd, enslav'd !
 A Prey to slumb'ring, superstitious Priests.
 Time was, when *thou*, the dreadful Scourge of *Gaul*, 140
 Sent forth thy Legions, uncontroll'd, to sack
 Their Country, and extirpate all their Race ;
 The *Alps* and *Appennines* oppos'd in vain
 Thy overbearing Force ; but now, behold
Rome to that very *France* a Jest : Time was, of old, 145
 When not a Sea itself then unexplor'd,
 Fraught with mishapen Monsters, roaring loud,
 From the deep Caverns of their dreadful Throats,

Could

Could drive thy Legions from the *British* Shoar,
 Nor barr thy dread Descent: but now behold
Rome, once great Mistress of the World, oe'rthrown,
 Sadly expiring; while *Britania's Isle*,
 Then petty Province to the World unknown,
 Now formidable sends her *Squadrons* forth,
 To claim the *Empire* of the Seas; now holds
Europa's Scales with unresisted Sway,
 Since then thus variable all human Things,
 What is it renders Life thus dear to Man?
 What is it we thus busily pursue
 On this small speck of Earth? we call'em Joys;
 But why can real Joy thus fade away?
 Say are they tolerable, and much less
 Delectable.— Yet look around, you'll see
 All Mortals fond of Life; not those alone
 Who bloom in Youth, with affluent fortunes bless'd,
 But those whom starving Penury excludes
 From all this fancied happiness; nay some
 Decrepid and advanced in Years, bend down
 Half way already to their destin'd Tomb,
 Propt by a Crutch from falling to the Grave;
 Methought experience and old age had taught
 Some better Doctrine; Go, delirious Fool,
 Put off Repentance, ever hope to live;

Resolve and re-resolve, then die the same.

Thus Comforted with sad Reflections, pleas'd

With Melancholy Thoughts, I wander home 175

Irresolute : for now the approaching Night

Envelopes Nature in a sable Shroud,

Lull'd for a while in Temporary Death ;

Silence accompanies, and now the Moon,

Rising in clouded Majesty, appears,

Warning to Rest ; Rest, to all Creature's kind ;

To me a Stranger : sleep ne'er seals my Eyes,

Nor Peace my Mind. Those Hours which others spend

In Recreation from Diurnal Toil,

I spend in Meditation and Despair : 185

Till Morn, revisiting the Earth again,

Unbars the Gate of Light, and then I rise

To grieve, and so the former Scene returns.

An *ÆNIGMA*.

I'M sometimes large, am sometimes small,
 And visit every Nation,
 In ev'ry House am welcome made,
 And help in Propagation :

Well known it is that I have been
 Some hundred Years in Use,
 And that, alas! I'm often us'd
 In Matters of Abuse ;

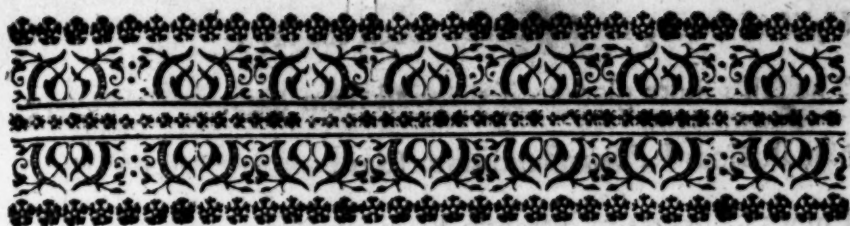
But, yet, in Justice to myself,
 Insist it may be found,
 That (notwithstanding what's alledg'd)
 In Goodness I abound :

Altho' in Goal I often lie
 At Court I have a Place,
 Where I my next-of-kin do meet,
 And shew a good round Face.

Myself from Sin I always keep,
 Yet act in ev'ry Station,
 Both Rogue and Whore I countenance,
 Yet forward Reformation

Each Mortal in the Universe
 Supported is by me,
 Both Soul and Body I adorn,
 And yet from Life am free.

H. BERRON.



Westminster-Abbey,

A

P O E M.

IF friendship justly claims a seat in rhyme,
Friendship from reason sprung, grown ripe by time ;
If Nature's rocks more blooms to love impart
Than all the gay delusive scenes of art ;
Read then these tender lines, but treat them kind,
Think them the Dawnings of a grateful mind,
Honest, tho' humble ; fluent, not refin'd.
Take then the heart, which in these gifts I send,
Condemn the Poet, but applaud the Friend.

5 }
}

L E T others fondly wife invoke the nine
To make a dull, distemper'd piece divine :
Let mad'ning Bards on *Pegasæan* wing

First scale the heav'ns before they deign to sing:

C

Uplisted

Uplifted touch, or think they touch the sky ;
 The fall's more glorious if they fall from high. 15
 Not studious I *Parnassian* lies to feign,
 Empty Chimeras of a frantic Brain ;
 Not studious I to draw the fabled Knight
 Daring his rival to the gorgeous fight ;
 To sing the hero, or the slaughter'd host, 20
 Dire scenes of blood and death ; in one day lost
 The work of ages :—XERXES more than man,
 Out-law of nature, dar'd invade the Plan
 Which she ordain'd, hew'd mountains down the Load
 Of earth, o'er Seas impos'd the arched road : 25
 Yet one day lost, behold this God below
 Become the scorn, late terrour, of his foe ;
 See him abandon'd, sport of wind and tide,
 In one small bark, a fisherman his guide.
 Repass those seas, whose dread tumultuous roar 30
 With e'en almighty force he curb'd before ;
 His armed nations now dispers'd in flight,
 Himself now sneaking to the realms of night.
 These arguments let * GLOVER's numbers raise,
 Sublime in MILTON's paths, and MILTON's praise ; 35
 While

* This gentleman, before he was sixteen years old, wrote a poem
 on Sir ISAAC NEWTON's philosophy, and a few years after ano-
 ther

While I essay, content with humble theme,
 To paint the visions of an airy dream;
 Attempt, secure where Nature points the way,
 In easy unpremeditated lay,
 To sing of Peace while Plenty holds her train, 40
 To trace the bounties of great HENRY's reign;
 Whose Chapel, still sure monument of fame,
 To all the world makes known her Founder's name;
 Who liv'd not for himself but all mankind,
 And op'd the treasures of a bounteous mind, 45
 Thro' Virtue's temple rose to Honour's throne,
 And shew'd the world that Great and Good are one,
 If our late age shou'd doubt this precept true,
 To prove it still exists, I'll instance YOU.*

'T WAS when the night, dread empress, spread her reign.
 With sable pinions, o'er the sons of Men;
 On down repos'd in balmy sleep I lay,
 All cares suppress'd that haunt the soul by day.
 But still the Abbey hover'd in my breast,
 My joys reviv'd, the scene return'd at rest : 55

ther upon LEONIDAS, one of the finest epic poems the moderns have produced. A great critic speaking of this last piece, says, " it may be compared with MILTON in relation to the harmony of the numbers, with VIRGIL in point of character, and even with HOMER himself in regard to sublimity of sentiment."

* Supposed by the Editor, to be Miss Betsy Ward

Within the dome, I found myself enshrined,
 Obedient to the summons of my mind ;
 What lightly pleas'd by day my wand'ring fight,
 Now entertain'd my ravish'd soul by night.
 Sudden I saw two female shapes advance, 60
 With well tun'd Chorus and cælestial Dance ;
 Both antient known, long since rever'd at GREECE,
 When war gave way to milder arts of peace :
 When * PHIDIAS learn't to carve from HOMER's hand,
 Sculpture obey'd the muses just command ; 65
 When first the great *Saturnian* JOVE he wrought
 Thundring ; prime product of the Poets thought.
 But soon as GREECE and all her arts decay'd,
 When ROME imperial 'gan to lift her head,
 The Sisters left their once delightful seat 70
 For ROME, then mistress of the *Græcian* State :
 But soon as ROME's long-shining fates were spun,
 Her CATOS, CICEROS and her CÆSARS gone :
 (ROME once for Learning and for Arms renown'd,
 Blushing to see dull drowsy Bishops crown'd) 75
 From the Sev'n hills and drooping Capitol
 The next took refuge in the *British* Isle ;
 Here

* PHIDIAS was a great Statuary at ATHENS, who carv'd a famous Image of JUPITER, which he is said to have taken from a Description given of him by HOMER in his *Iliad*.

Here rest secure, here reign with gentle smiles,
 While BRITAIN glads, pronounced Queen of Isles.
 These Sisters Sleep presented to my view, 80
 My eyes in raptures wander'd o'er the Two,
 Gazing on both ; while they with silent Tread
 Roam'd o'er the mansions of the mighty dead.
 Not ATHENS more, with all her learned throng,
 While honey flow'd from *Demosthenean* Tongue ; 85
 While bulls enamour'd gaz'd on MYCON's Cow,
 That seem'd in brass to live, in brass to low ;
 Not she the boasted seat of arts, the Queen
 Of eloquence, more charm'd this sister-twain
 LEARNING and SCULPTURE, than great HENRY's
 (Dome 90

The seat of Monarchs dead, and Monarchs yet to come.
 For soon as death uplifts his baneful lance,
 To store these tombs, and lead up HOLBEIN's dance ;
 The worthy here in marble stand pourtray'd,
 The Man dissolves, the Statue rears its Head. 95
 But these too fade with momentary grace,
 In vain the Sculptor calls to life the face ;
 Too soon by time consum'd, the Statues lie,
 In ruins hurl'd, like Man (their author) die :

Where's now the boasted JOVE, the *Phidian* god, 105
 Where the *Colloßus*, whose high stately nod
 Towr'd up exceeding human fight, while o'er
 The seas his legs were stretcht from shoar to shoar.
 See too where Pyramids of height sublime,
 That long time stood the dread assaults of Time, 105
 Refin'd at length, by year succeeding year,
 Dissolve to fluid particles of air.
 The Sculptor's name descends thro' length of days,
 But ah! too soon the mouldring Art decays.
 The Poet's stands: He builds himself a name, 110
 Nor trusts alone to *Parian* blocks for Fame;
 He views futurity with præscient eyes,
 And rears his Monument before he dies,
 Erects a Work more durable than brass,
 Which neither age, nor famine can deface. 115

SEE GAY in HENRY's dome, to death resign'd,
 Now breaths in stone: but see th' immortal mind
 Stamp'd on his Works, that better Statue, fears
 No revolution of ten thousand years.
 No twice ten thousand can obscure his date, 120
 Who scorns the length of time and menaces of fate.

Some instances the world has felt indeed,
 When Libraries, in all their pomp array'd,
 Have felt by fire consum'd ; dire will of fate!
 Which the black annals of the world relate ; 125 }
 But these are rare, and so less felt their weight.
 'Tis true, once ÆGYPT, with unwilling eyes,
 Beheld the dreadful conflagration rise ;
 Afflicted saw the spiry flames ascend
 O'er the choice Books, by PHILADELPHUS' * hand 130 }
 Collected ; but some interposing care
 From heaven, some god descending thro the air
 Preserv'd the BIBLE's glorious frame entire,
 While 'round it blaz'd the inoffensive Fire.
 But dar'd not touch : she then more bright confest 135 }
 (Like *Phoenix* issuing from its fun'ral nest)
 Shone forth to all, and with cælestial sound
 Display'd, and still displays the Gospel truths around.

WHILE thus I mus'd alone, the sister-twain
 Nearer approach'd, and SUADA † thus began: 140 }

Who'ere

* *Ptolomy Philadelphus*, King of *Ægypt*, founded a Library containing 50,000 Books, and procur'd the Old Testament to be translated from the original *Hebrew* into *Greek*, by 72 Interpreters: The Library was afterwards set on fire, but the *Bible* and some other Books were miraculously preserv'd.

† *Suada* is another Name for the Goddess of Learning or Eloquence.

Who e'er thou art, that on this holy land,
 (While nature seems to sleep, and time to stand)
 All solitary roam, without affright,
 Where shiv'ring ghosts add horror to the night ;
 Draw near, my son, and to my words attend ; 145
 Dare to be good, and LEARNING is your friend,
 Know then ; all flesh, where'er on earth disjoin'd,
 Are all by fate to certain death consign'd :
 Whether with filken wings they soar on high
 And flutter in the robes of majesty, 150 }
 Those wings will quickly fail, and they must die :
 Or whether in the Cottage free from strife,
 They reap th' enjoyments of an humble life,
 They too (tho' later) must resign their breath,
 Must die, tho' free from all the pangs of death. 155
 Since then Life hurries to one final date,
 Since all are subject to the stroke of fate,
 Attend and learn the methods to survive,
 The Golden Knowledge, after death to live.
 Whether the soul, from this its gloomy den 160
 Set free, resumes its native heaven again,
 Let that remain as hitherto conceal'd
 From human eye, to us alone reveal'd.

Thus

Thus much be known ; if the corporeal frame

Dissolves, 'tis granted to preserve a name,

Nor can he ever die, who lives by fame.

But first in virtue's paths direct your ways,

Virtue's the ruling principle of praise.

Rightly at ROME this golden truth was known,

Right represented and in emblem shown :

Two domes there stood refulgent, close adjoin'd, *

(By some great Consul's godlike soul design'd)

The folding gates of one more wide display'd,

That Virtue call'd ; thro' this one passage led

Narrow and small to Fame, she barr'd within

By none but Virtue's worthy sons were seen :

Suppliant thro' Virtue's portals first they came,

Then gain'd admission thro' the gates of Fame.

For know Ambition, if with Virtue join'd,

Not such as dwelt in ALEXANDER's mind,

Not that unruly passion of the soul,

Which knocks down reason, and o'erwhelms controul.

But that pure flame, such as in CICERO's breast

Found harbour, in the garb of reason drest,

* There were two temples in ROME, the one of VIRTUE and the other of FAME, built in such a manner, that no one could enter the temple of Fame unless they first came thro' the temple of Virtue ; design'd to shew that Virtue is the sole foundation of true honour.

Such is not found, as crazy fools invent, 185

Factions, destructive, and on ruin bent ;

'Tis not, as thought, a base infectious weed,

'Tis noble, and produces noble seed.

For Fame, great * BRUTUS sav'd a falling State,

Made himself glorious, and his Country great, 190

For Fame he curb'd th' insulting TARQUIN's pride,

And pierc'd (oh noble wound) his children's side :

So Virtue will'd, for Fame great CATO dy'd.

For what is Life without this trophy gain'd,

Life's somewhat all possest, few understand, 195

Few well enjoy ; 'tis not to be alone,

'Tis not to gape and gaze upon the fun,

'Tis not to draw fresh air, while nought but breath

Distinguishes such drowzy life from Death ;

'Tis to be prais'd, in glorious acts to strive, 200

And make it known to all the world you live.

Ye Demi-Gods, who count your life by praise,

Not number it by tedious length of days,

* *Brutus* was first of all a noble senator of Rome, who depos'd and banish'd *Tarquin Superbus* king of Rome, with all his Tools, when he was grasping at a tyrannical sway, upon which he was declared Consul, and afterwards when his sons endeavour'd to restore the *Tarquins*, he ordered them to be put to death,

Know, 'tis far better with Renown to die,
 Then waſt a * *Pylian* age in luxury ; 204
 With greedineſs to ſeize th' impending doom,
 Than pine and tremble at the fate to come :
 Far happier he, who dead, by Fame ſurvives,
 Than that dead wretch, who without honour lives.

FOR if no future pleaſures were in ſtore, 210
 If all ſenſe ended at the dying hour,
 Why does the Hero harras out his life,
 In watchings, marches, abſtinence and ſtrife ?
 Why at the expence of reſtleſs nights and days
 Purchase a tranſient, ſhort-exiſting praiſe ? 215
 Why pant for perils, why delight in wars ?
 Why court deſtruction, glory in his ſcars ?
 No ; he's aſſur'd that death can nought deſtroy
 But his corporeal lump, his earthly clay :
 Secret ſuggeſtions of eternal Life 220
 Lead him undaunted thro' this world of ſtrife :
 Sure of immortal Fame he joys in woe,
 Rewards above makes light his pangs below.

* This alludes to old *Nefor*, an inhabitant of *Pylas*, who is ſaid to have lived three centuries.

Arm'd with this inward armour too the wise,
 Who studies Nature, and who reads the Skies, 225
 In all the magnanimity of soul
 Pushes on forward to his final goal,
 Patience, true Patience spurs him to despise
 What here misfortune seems, he knows to rise
 Above the giddy Vulgar's sense of grief, 230
 And when he dies, 'tis then he finds relief.
 But oh ! what nobler study can be found,
 Than thus to tread upon celestial ground,
 To dip in immortality the pen,
 And vindicate the ways of heav'n to men ? 235
 Sure 'tis divine, when, Reason guides the eye
 Beyond the bounds of frail humanity,
 To view the WHOLE, to search the gulf of fate,
 Descry the planets, and new worlds relate.
 These things thro' Wisdom's perspective they see, 240
 The light of heav'n they all derive from Me,
 Me to that *Hebrew* monarch clearly known,
 Who sat triumphant on his father's throne,

* This argument is made use of by TULLY, to prove the immortality of the soul, for, says he, great minds would not undergo such hazards in pursuit of fame, if they were to have no sense of it after death.

Great son of DAVID : who from farthest east
 Drew SHEBA's queen, in this divinely blest, 245
 Namely to hear the wisdom of that King,
 Whose fame for learning thro' the world did ring.
 He therefore lives ; and long as Moon and Sun
 Their destin'd course in due succession run,
 For ever shall he live : — He only dies, 250
 Who when he falls, outcast, unheeded lies,
 Whose name does with his mortal body rot,
 Hated, accurst in life, in death forgot.

TO shew then Honour is so sweet a prize,
 Thing so peculiar to the brave and wise, 255
 View here the Tomb, so much by strangers sought,
 See here some great Forefather's gen'rous thought ;
 Read the Inscription, hallow'd now by time ;
 The Words are simple, but the Thought sublime :
 " Here *LUCAS* lies in num'rous offspring blest, 260
 " All his Sons virtuous, all his Daughters chaste ;
 " His Sons by Virtue did obtain Renown,
 " Some great in War, some glorious in the Gown :"
 THESE, these are arts, superiour arts that call
 For tributary praise, and due respect from all.

BUT see no spurious Beam mislead your sight,
 Beware no daz'ling, dim-reflecting Light,
 Set on a hill th'unwary to misguide,
 When thus you seek Renown, direct to Pride.
 Such Fame, such shadowy Fame your Courtiers seek, 270
 Those filken sons of Pleasure, gay and sleek,
 Those gilded flies that swarm about a court,
 Buzzing *French* Flatt'ry, bribes their chief support,
 Their nest a palace : sprung on summers day
 Like Butterflies bedect in pride of *May*, 275
 Vain gaudy Courtiers shine, but void of soul,
 Their outsides tarnish'd, but their insides foul.
 Mistaken fools ! such glory's not your own,
 Better to Taylors yield their due renown,
 They made the toys, you barely put them on, 280
 This is that light, that dim-reflecting guide,
 'Tis this seduces giddy fools to pride ;
 But this misleading Torch is quickly known
 From the true flaming Beacon of Renown ;
 That like mount *ÆTNA* burns, that glorious Light
 To all distinguish'd by its tow'ring height,
 Displays its Beams around, and points the ways
 Thro' Virtue's ocean to the port of Praise.

RISE then, my son on Virtue's wings arise,
 Learn the unruly rabble to despise,
 Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries.
 Take, take example by these sons of mine,
 Whose dead remains great HENRY's walls enshrine.
 No vulgar path led them to Fame, their guide
 'Twas Learning, they by Virtues rules were tried ; 295
 Some great at home, some glorious in the field,
 Some with their blood the price of Honour seal'd.
 Such earn their praise ; the Soldier's daring breast,
 Who toil'd and sweated for his Country's rest,
 Like as great MONK ; the Patriot's rigid soul, 300
 Whom nor the threats of tyranny controul,
 Nor all the crew of vice confed'rate join'd,
 To vent their black, infernal schemes combin'd,
 Can with their dread, united shock divert
 From the fixt resolution of his heart. 305
 Such actions call on SUADA to rehearse,
 In deathless numbers, everlasting verse,
 Such worthies challenge SCULPTURE's utmost art,
 To make immortal once their mortal part,
 To call to life again the dying Face, 310
 Express in work of never-fading brass.

For what deserve they less, than what they claim,

PHIDIAS to carve, and POPE to sing their Fame.

But if the Patriot, steady to his trust,

Learned and virtuous, obstinately just, 315

Provokes our praise ; the Poet's numbers more

Endear our minds, where Learning's precious oar

Runs thro the veins of every fruitful line,

To make the Author and the Work divine.

For by their means illustrious chiefs survive, 320

Who but great HOMER makes ACHILLES live.

They therefore merit double share of Fame,

Due to their own, and to their Heroe's name.

VIEW to the right, where now I point my hand.

A groupe of Poets close-arranged stand : 325

See SHAKESPEARE carv'd in that majestic air,

With which he thunders in the Theatre,

True Poet born ; Nature endow'd his heart,

Untam'd to rules, undisciplin'd to art :

Soaring like PINDAR with uncommon height, 330

Far where no critic dares extend his flight,

His Genius spurns the dull constraint of laws,

Pearles of BENTLEY's black envenom'd claws :

Nor

Nor * WARBURTON can damp the poets rise,
 Tho Notes unnumber'd, Folio's pond'rous fize 335
 Are clogg'd upon him ; TIBBALD keeps his right,
 Redeems from Dulness, and the cave of night.
 Near him does DRYDEN lift his awful head,
 Great when alive, but greater now when dead.
 On each side these, two neighb'ring bufts are near 340
 Fulgent in stone ; here GAY, and PRIOR there ;
 PRIOR for Learning, not for Virtue crown'd
 With lawrels, gentle GAY, for both renown'd.
 GAY, my sweet fav'rite, of a temper mild,
 " In Wit a man, Simplicity a child," 345

* This commentator in his notes, both on SHAKESPEARE, and the writings of Mr. POPE, has proved himself a critic, even below censure. I am sorry to say the haughtiness of the priest is every where to be seen through them, and that where, (which is often the case) he does not understand the meaning of his author, he forms such odd conjectures of his sense, that his reader can seldom refrain from laughter. I am much mistaken if the ill-natur'd sallies, and dull explanations of this snarling ZOILUS, this murderer of meanings, has not been finely corrected by the judicious pen of THOMAS EDWARDS, Esq. (See his CANONS of CRITICISM.) A gentleman, whom self-defence only obliged to take the field, but who has been so successful in it, as to gain as many admirers, as his antagonist has despisers.—I shall conclude with observing, that Mr. W——n, is not in any measure qualified for what he pretends to. He is too abusive, too proud, and too uncharitable for a priest ; too bigotted for a candid critic, and too ignorant for a learned one ; and indeed too dull and insipid for an author in any respect.

Z. H.

Shepherd and Poet both, now charms me more,

Than did my sweet THEOCRITUS before.

THOU too, great Bard, must rise in awful state,

Thee POPE, at last these regal domes await ;

'Tis you translate the kind consenting Nine, 350

That point thy Satyr, breath in every line,

From PINDUS' top and *Aganippian* rill

To father THAMES and RICHMOND's airy hill :

RICHMOND, that better PINDUS, rears thy flight

To court the muses on her tow'ring height : 355

There may'st thou view thy own delightful seat

Proudly triumphant at gay RICHMOND's feet.

When lustres big with lustres shall succeed,

And destiny fulfill, what's now decreed,

Thee still the same BRITANNIA's sons shall see, 360

For what now HOMER is, You then shall be.

BUT why thus tedious spin I out the thread

Of speech? why thus harangue th' unnumber'd dead

That here entomb'd in vaults unnumber'd lie?

Vain should I strive to cite by name, tho' I 365

Endued with tenfold eloquence of speech,

* An hundred mouths, a brazen tongue to each.

Cou'd boast; this dome, the passport to the skies,

This receptacle to the Brave and Wife,

Contains the souls of most those Sons of Praise, 370

Who to my service did devote their days.

Since then, my son, on Times unbounded tide,

Like all mankind, in feeble bark you ride,

Wou'd you escape the rocks so dread to all,

The rocks of fate, on which most mortals fall, 375

Let Virtue steer; she, she alone conveys

(Blest Pilot) to the wish'd-for port of praise.

Nay more, she will conduct you to the skies,

She wafts to bliss alike the Brave and Wife.

In fine, this Precept let me recommend, 380

BEGIN WITH VIRTUE, AND WITH VIRTUE END.

SHE finish'd, with less art, but equal force

Her sister SCULPTURE thus assum'd discourse.

* *Non mihi, si linguae centum sint, ora; centum.*

Ferrera vox, omnes scelerum comprehendere formas,

Omnia pœnarum percurrere nomina possim.

VIRGIL

" YOUNG Man, attentive still thou seem'st to hear
 My Sisters voice, like musick in thine ear : 385
 Rhet'rick's not mine ; — no *Ciceronian* art
 Have I to sooth and mollify the heart :
 What'ere I think, I without tropes disclose,
 In humble diction, near allied to prose :
 For know, my talent's not to talk but act ; 390
 My only glory does consist in fact.
 Hear then my words. sincere tho' plain confess ;
 My point I briefly treat ; — few words are best.

KNOW then, if you perhaps my trade disdain,
 If Sculpture's Science seems a life to mean, 395
 Still in some measure may you court my arts,
 Tho' not devoted to their servile Parts :
 For I, attendant on the Brave and Wise,
 Revere those Worthies, who my Arts despise :
 All those, who'ere of SUADA well deserve, 400
 I too from Death's devouring jaws preserve
 In stone ; those benefactors to mankind,
 Who blest with strength of body, parts of mind,
 To public use these faculties convert,
 And serve their Countries with a generous heart : 405

On these conditions does my love depend,
 First earn Renown, and SCULPTURE is your friend.
 The high triumphal arch, the figur'd brass,
 Bearing some *Græcian* or some *Roman* face,
 Was first devis'd by my productive thought ; 410
 By mine to Life, fictitious Life was wrought.
 Sculpture was ne'er design'd a gewgaw meer,
 To please the eye, as Musick does the ear ;
 'Twas meant examples to deliver down
 Of whom excel in War, of who adorn the Gown ; 415
 To rouse up Æmulation in the mind,
 To feed Ambition, if with Virtue join'd ;
 'Twas to immortalize those god-like men
 Who earn Eternity from SUADA's Pen
 By worthy deeds ; those I preserve in Stone, 420
 Those shine in Death, as once in Life they shone
 From Empires founded, or from battles won.
 How many Heathen Gods from me receive
 Their being, first in SCULPTURE taught to live.
 Why shou'd I mention the almighty JOVE, 425
 Suppos'd to ride on Cherubims above ?
 From HOMER he received his sounding name,
 From me his essence and corporeal frame :

His

His heav'n was PHIDIAS shop ; his thund'ring ball
 So dreaded, and so much ador'd by all, 430
 Was nought but Brass ; He had no realms above,
 Not JOVE the Sculptor, SCULPTURE made the JOVE.

BUT I run back to foreign climes, a while
 Forgetful that I stand on BRITAIN's isle ;
 Full well my arts are to BRITANNIA known, 435
 By me her falling Heroes rise in stone,
 These domes can witness what my hands have done.
 But all the Busts, that here arranged stand,
 Breathing in stone by my supreme command,
 Cou'd I dwell on them, and their sculptor's name, 440
 With bulky Volumes might I swell my fame.
 Let me in silence then pass o'er the rest,
 The group of figures ; here, view here the test,
 The mighty test of all my art, my pride,
 My SHAKESPEARE, and be blind to all beside. 445
 Not the PALLADIUM's self, sent down from high,
 With all its splendor borrow'd from the Sky,

Nor that Italian bust, tho' maim'd and foul,

Yet for its worth entit'led MICHAEL's school; *

Infill'd sincerer pleasure to my heart, 450

Than this my SHAKESPEARE's bust, my † REITSBACH's
[art.

Must I then pass by NEWTON? surely not:

NEWTON, thy name shall never be forgot:

The bust here fix'd reflects no vulgar rays

Of Fame on me: thy nobler bust displays 455

To all succeeding ages SUADA's Praise.

Thy hand does grasp the globe, but for thy mind, —

That is not to this narrow ball confin'd,

That grasps the Universe, — points ev'ry star

Fixt and allotted to its certain sphere, 460

Declare what gives the wand'ring Comet birth,

So dreaded by poor mortals here on earth,

Threat'ning and brandishing his fiery tail. — 'Tis you

That bravely steel'd with knowledge, dar'd pursue

* There was a statue dug up in *Italy*, somewhat maimed, but of such curious workmanship, that the celebrated *Michael Angelo* is said to have learnt his art from it.

† *Reitsbach*, the sculptor of *Shakespeare's* monument.

Nature (then unreveal'd, with subtle flight 465
 Eluded still old purblind sophist's fight)
 Thro' all her mazes, ev'ry dark recess,
 Till spent and overpower'd she did confess,
 You caught her, she no farther then cou'd go,
 That you knew all which mortal man cou'd know. 470
 The earth, the heav'n itself may fade away
 Before the flashings of eternal day;
 Thy soul, unhurt a-mid the wreck of fate,
 Amid the ruins of this world elate,
 Shall stand secure, shall dwell with that great God, 475
 Whom thou on earth so clearly understood.
 [Here too, O GLOVER, have the Fates decreed,
 That late Posterity thy praise shall read;
 Here shall thy Fame survive——nor here alone——
 Thy Works thro' ev'ry age shall make thee known.] 480
 O Death, where's now thy sting, O baff'd Grave,
 Where now thy Victory? —— The Wise and Brave,
 Full in contempt of all infernal force,
 Drive on in Virtue's road; nor slack the course,
 Till at the gates of everlasting praise 485
 They lay down labour with their mortal days;
 Then straight admitted to the domes of Fame,
 (Whither thro' Virtue's rugged path they came)

Quaff immortality secure and bliss, 495
 Forever seated in the groves of peace.
 Go, Death, lay wait where plunder may be found,
 Fly then to courts, besiege them closely round
 With myriads of diseases; call from hell
 Pleasure, enchanting Sorcerers, to dwell 500
 Among them, urge her blandient wiles, untill
 The giddy Fools devour the gilded Pill
 Fraught with Destruction : when in state they dine,
 Mix poison with their curst *Ragous* and wine
 From *France* imported : this to aggravate, 505
 Let them with dearest purchase buy their fate.
 But force against the Brave and Wise is lost,
 Of conquests here make no vain-glorious boast,
 They know such weak Assailants to repell,
 To send you back with baf'd strength to hell. 510
 See here the Worthies of ELIZA's reign
 Still frown in stone, dread Heroes once to *Spain*.
 Some too in JAMES's dull, pedantick days
 Were found, tho' few indeed, to merit praise :
 What they deserv'd, they have : — see here they stand, 515
 But turn to CHARLES his reign, now think the Land

Breathing out blood and slaughter: Learning ceas'd,
 But Heroes in that school of MARS encreas'd:
 See them still threatning here in stone, and trace
 The soul in all the features of the face. 520
 Closely-adjoin'd to these, thou * MONK, tho' late,
 Shall rise; 'twas you preserv'd our falling state
 'Gainst those seditious mutineers, that brood
 Of Vipers, Dogs that lick'd their Master's blood
 Shed impiously; by thy conducting care 525
 BRITTANNIA clos'd the long, intestine war.
 But soon as CHARLES regain'd his Father's crown,
 And reassum'd his long usurped throne,
 The land was hush'd again: luxurious Lords,
 Who wore for ornament, not us'd their swords, 530
 Sat at the helm; yet in these slumb'ring days
 Was DRYDEN honour'd with a crown of praise:
 The King, tho' dull himself, caress'd the Bard,
 Which shews true Learning allways meets reward.
 Next JAMES *the second* came, but struck with dread 535
 From mighty WILLIAM's conq'ring prowess fled,

The

* At the time this poem was wrote, it was reported, General Monk was to have his statue in the Abbey.

The *British* lion, rous'd now from his trance,
Shook with tremendous roar the pow'r of *France*.

The slumb'ring Soldier scow'r'd his rusty shield,
To guard his Monarch in the *Gallia* field : 540

Now martial Deeds, now deathless acts were shown,
How many Heroes died to gain Renown,
Thus comforted within ; vain-glorious Death,
What if to thee I must resign my breath ?

My Life's not in thy pow'r, my Fame shall stand 545
Unaw'd, unhurt by thy imperious hand ;
My Bust be fix'd in HENRY's Dome, to raise
In noble Minds, a noble thirst of Praise.

BUT above all when glorious ANNA liv'd,
Then EUROPE saw the * *Augustan* age reviv'd 550
For not in War alone, but great in Peace,
Her influence bid all milder arts encrease ;
Now Learning, long in former reigns conceal'd
In clouds, shone forth to all the world reveal'd :

* Happy period! when *Pope, Gay, Swift, Rowe, Addison, Prior, Phillips, Steele, Garth, Parnel, and Broome* lived and wrote, when *Betterton* acted ; when *Marlborough* conquered ; and when *Harley* was at the Helm!

Now ADDISON's cælestial Genius wrote, 555

Now KNELLER painted, and now MARLBRO' fought;

Now POPE's great Soul began to dawn, now came

A crowd of worthies to these domes of Fame.

Chiefly, great Founder, unto thee they owe

These gifts, from thy imperial bounty flow 560

Whatever honours here they can receive,

Whatever honours SCULPTURE's hand can give.

NOW then my Son, by our conducting aid,

You've seen these Domes in all their pride display'd,

Now let us drop these mansions for a while, 565

To see what Buildings on BRITANNIA's Isle

Are worth regard, what rural seats arise

Bedeck'd with Gardens, little Paradise,

Epitomes of EDEN, proudly drest

By Nature, and that gift of heav'n — a Taste. 570

Building too claims my care, nor I alone

Bestow'd on REITSBACH, but on WREN renown.

Vainly does *Blenheim's* pond'rous fabrick boast,

Its worth superiour, from superiour cost;

'Tis not the vast expence, but Builder's taste 575

Exhances Building. — In the desert wast

Where

Where Winter binds eternally the Peake
 Where Northern Winds blow hollow, raw and bleak.
 See CHATSWORTH smile in all the pride of may,
 For ever blooming, and for ever gay. 580
 But *Blenheim*, seated in delightful land,
 Where nature lent her chief assisting hand,
 Still so unweildy, so uncouth is found,
 As justly speaks it, "quarry above ground."

NEAR this a vast triumphal arch does rise, 585
 Seems built by giants to invade the Skies;
 So huge the structure rears its boasted height, -
 That the earth labours with the pond'rous weight:
 But look beneath, strait wonders cease; below
 You'll view a brook, a shallow riv'let flow. 590
 Bear me from hence to WINDSOR's heav'nly seats,
 Bear me from hence to GREENWICH' blest retreats.
 WINDSOR, imperial seat, with all the pride
 Of Nature, and the gifts of Art beside,
 Shews herself worthy palace to contain 595
 BRITANNIA's monarchs, and to hold the reign
 (Like *Roman Capitol*) o'er nations round,
 Aw'd and obedient to her trumpet's sound.

There Installations all their pomp display,

With Heralds and Pursuivants in array:

600

There tournaments in all their gawdy light

Were celebrated, there the *Gothick* Knight

Engag'd his rival in the gorgeous fight.

}

NOR less does GREENWICH, stately fabrick, please 605

With wild Enchantments and with rural ease:

See where advanc'd in years she learns to shed

The faded honours of her aged head:

TITHONUS like, renew'd in youthful charms

Receives our navies with extended arms,

610

Shelters our Seamen, late reclin'd to rest,

Free from that worst of storms, a troubled breast.

Nor less renown'd the Park, there verdant trees

In wild arrangment all-around you rise,

There Art so justly copies nature's hand,

615

So just in sweet confusion seems to blend

A mixt variety of hills and vales,

As shews it worthy daughter of *Versailles*.*

* *Greenwich-Park* is laid out in the same taste as the gardens at *Versailles*.

Not I the *Babylonian* groves commend,
 Nor Gardens which from tops of tow'rs depend, 620
 Waving in air ; the *Asiatick* pride
 With all their slavish lux'ry I deride.

BUT see, we're summon'd hence, the dawning light
 Of morn, dispells the gloomy shades of night.

BRITAIN, for ever may thy arts encrease, 625
 Than ROME more pow'rful, and more learn'd than GREECE
 Wher'ere thy Fleets their canvas wings display,
 Or to the East, the early couch of day ;
 Or to the South, where spicy odours blow,
 Or to the northern fields o'erclad with snow ; 630
 Still from each corner of the world, each sphere,
 Wher'ere the winds embattl'd fleets will bear,
 Let them return safe to BRITANNIA's shoar,
 Laden (as due) with Glory, Wealth, and Pow'r.
 Nor less excel in milder arts of peace, 635
 Let Learning first with all her train encrease ;
 Let Sculpture next lead up the joyful dance,
 With her let Buildings, stately dame advance,

Bedeck'd

Bedeck'd with flow'rs her head, her spangl'd vest

With painted groves and walks superbly drest ; 640

Her garments flowing loose o'er ev'ry part,

With nature simple, unaffected art.

BRITAIN shine forth to all the world, enjoy

Bliss without sorrow, Peace without annoy ;

Great Queen of Arts, sole Mistress of the Main, 645

Nor want a MONK or REITSBACH, POPE or WREN."

THIS having said, both disappear'd ; my eyes

Search'd for the lovely Dames with wild surprise ;

Amaz'd I woke, for now AURORA's ray

Scatter'd o'er gilded hills the dawn of day. 650

Strait meditations to my mind ensu'd,

And much revolving what by night I view'd

Thus mus'd within, Wisdom doth not reside

In deep-read Sages, * Philosophic pride

Alone ; the just she does benign attend, † 655

Chiefly to Virtue and her friends a friend :

* The word PHILOSOPHER signifies a person churlish in his behavior, as well as a lover of wisdom.

† It is maintained by *Tully*, that the just and good man is the most learned.

For learning's widest compass understood,
Can boast no better rule, than this, BE GOOD.

Nor is Ambition, if with Virtue join'd,

To be eras'd, but nourish'd in the mind :

660

This fights the cause of Justice, this declar'd

Virtue's most glorious champion is not scared

At sight of perils or afflictions load,

But bends undaunted thro' the fiery road,

Beating usurpers down, till powerful grown,

665

She settles Virtue stable on her throne.

Hence Honour, divine Honour takes its rise,

Soaring with ardent pinions to the skies;

Hence mortals learn the methods to survive,

The golden knowledge after Death to live.

670

Thus I'll obey what SUADA did commend,

Begin with VIRTUE and with VIRTUE end.

COME then, come Virtue, lull my troubled mind,

Unfurl my sails to catch the Southern wind.

Steer thou my ship thro' Time's unbounded seas,

675

To Life immortal and the port of Praise.

For I, launch'd out from a disast'rous shoar,
 Ply with but one, and that a broken oar ;
 While round me waves and stormy tempests roar.
 But still, tho' quite abandon'd and forlorn ,
 Blown down my top-sails and my rigging torn,
 With resolution I pursue my way
 Thro' all the dangers of a raging sea :
 I ken the Beacon of Renown from far,
 Like as some meteor, blazing high in air,
 Thither, blest pilot, steer, there let us cease,
 Soft seated in Elyfian groves of peace.

}

680

685



The

The INCONSTANT.

I.

LONG I pin'd for buxom *Dolly*,
After figh'd for pretty *Polly*,
She gave way to smiling *Nanny*,
She again to fairer *Fanny*.

II.

Sick of these I honour'd *Letty*,
Ghang'd again for charming *Hetty*;
Then I flatter'd blooming *Cælia*,
Then address'd the gay *Amelia*.

III.

Free once more, lov'd *Susannah*,
Yet had some regard for *Hannah*;
And tho' languished for *Sal*,
Toy'd and and play'd with *Abigail*.

IV.

Next I conquer'd youthful *Chris*,
 But discarded her for *Cis* ;
Cis I left to follow *Sz*,
 Her again for prudish *Pru*.

V.

After *Pru*, I courted *Jenny*,
 And then paid my vows to *Winny*,
 Her I shortly left for *Di*,
 Who gave place to *Margery*.

VI.

Then my heart remain'd with *Biddy*,
 'Till I saw the lovely *Liddy* ;
 She I next ador'd was *Nell*,
 Last I burnt for blowzy *Bell*.

VII.

Thus inconstant have I ranged,
 And with each new beauty changed,
 Still resolving to be free,
 Still to keep my liberty.

October 28, 1751.



O D E. *By the Same.*

I.

L I F E's like a flow'r the gard'ner plants,
That's rear'd with cost and care,
When gain'd, unless supply'd its wants,
It withers in the air.

II.

Our infant years, like budding flow'rs,
Require a skilfull hand ;
Short and uncertain are the hours,
We have at our command.

III.

As nipping frosts, and blighting winds,
The tender flow'r destroys,
So pale-ey'd sickness life decays,
And blasts our promis'd joys.

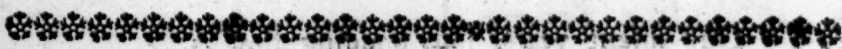
IV.

Some Infants blossom into youth,
Some drop a-down the grave ;
So some buds die before they bloom,
And some the sunshine save.

V.

So fades the flow'r, so drops the leaves
When winter's cold appears,
As man decays, decrepid man,
Born down with many years.

July 30, 1750.



The C H O I C E.

By the Same,

I.

BEAUTY, Riches, and Wisdom attack'd me one day,
As once they did PARIS of old ;
With jarring contention each pleaded her sway,
And each her dominion thus told.

II. Beauty

II.

Beauty said, she commanded the old, and the young,
 The beggar, the heroe, and king ;
 That she was the theme of each poem and song ;
 And she taught the poet to sing.

III.

While thus the young Gypsy was pleading her cause,
 The glances she sent from her eyes,
 Had almost induc'd me, without further pause,
 To yield to bright beauty the prize.

IV.

Next Riches all wrinkled, on crutches supported,
 And weigh'd down with scepters and crowns,
 Behind her a train, who her favours had courted,
 Yet ne'er met with ought but her frowns,

V.

The Haggard began to repeat her great glory,
 But I push'd her away with a frown ;
 " Peace, bab'ler peace, and have done with your story,"
 And had like to have tumbled her down.

VI.

“ So unstable,” said I, “ is the joy that you bring,
And so wretched the lives of the great,
He’s a fool who’d be rais’d to the state of a king,
To be doubl’d down under the weight.

VII.

Last Wisdom approach’d, and thus put in her plea,
(Contentment seem fix’d in her form)
“ Trust not these Deceivers, but fix upon me,
Who alone have the power to charm.”

VIII.

This said, she retir’d.—In silence all three
Now waited the choice I should make,
Each hoping herself might the chosen one be,
When thus I broke silence and spake.

IX.

“ I now have determin’d that Riches are vain,
“ And Beauty’s bloom shortly is past ;
“ Neither Riches nor Beauty can pleasures sustain,
But Wisdom will constantly last !

X. Then

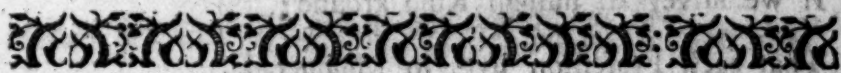
X.

“ Then come, O bright Wisdom, unfold all thy charms,

“ Let my mind be enrich'd with thy store ;

“ Nor av'rice of Riches, nor Beauty's alarms,

“ My bosom shall e're disturb more.”



PROLOGUE

To the first PART of

KING HENRY the FOURTH.

Performed January 3, 1752, at the New Theatre in Shepherd's-Market. By Gentlemen for their Diversion.

[*By the Same.*]

IT has been said by many a learned Sage,
That all the World is one dramatick Stage;
Each Man an Actor, in Life's living Play,
His Life a Character, his Scene a Day,
Each diff'rent Actor has a diff'rent Part,
And he plays best, who best conceals his Art,

SOME

SOME go through Life in one gay *Comedy*,
 Whilst others live a long sad *Tragedy*,
 In trifling Gambols some their Drama pass,
 And all their Life is one continued *Farce*. 10

THE Observation's just, and 'twill be found
 If we survey all human Kind around;
 That each Profession lives in Masquerade,
 And all Mankind profess the acting Trade
 The Prelate mitr'd, and the Justice gown'd, 15
 The Noble ermin'd, and the Monarch crown'd,
 Are Actors all, — still diff'ring but in Name,
 Their Arts, their Lives, their Characters the same.

TO make Excuse for what we do To-night,
 Would be to own we think it is not right, 20
 But yet, as some are here, perhaps, who'll say
 Something in Condemnation of our Play.
 Unmindful of that Age from whence they sprung,
 And now grown old, forget themselves were young.

Thus much I offer —————
 That in this mirthful Season of the Year, 25
 The Semblance of our Ancestors we wear;

Yet each is still the same he was before,
 And only shifts the Character he wore.
 Still to your native BARD these Scenes you owe,
 And what he deign'd to write, we dare to shew.
 Your utmost Favour does our SHAKESPEARE claim;
 But we no Favour ask, and seek no Fame,
 Free to your Judgments we your Candor leave
 Then judge with Justice, and by Merit save.



EPILOGUE

To the same Play. [By D. E. B. Esq;]

WITH no Grimace no artificial Leer,
 No mimic Gesture, or affected Sneer,
 I now approach, on whatsoe'er Pretence,
 To make you merry at the cost of Sense,
 Tho' this has long been practis'd with Success,
 While Sense in vain has clamou'd for Redress;
 Tho' Custom pleads full-tongu'd in our Despight,
 We boldly dare be singularly right;
 Tho' Precedents unnumber'd might excuse,
 We scorn those Arts that prostitute the Muse.

A PLAY's a Tale well told, with honest Art,
 To please at once the Eye, and mend the Heart.
 The Use of Tales their Morals should display;
 An Epilogue's the Moral to the Play,
 Which ought to point you out the Bard's Intent, 15
 Set forth to view each Precept that he meant.
 Spread wide the sweet Instruction and inspire
 Each Hearer's Breast with Emulation's Fire;
 With deep Impression stamp it on the Mind,
 That tho' the Image flies, the Virtue's left behind. 20
 How far averse to this you've often seen
 A buskin'd Hero, or a widow'd Queen,
 Who in the well-wrought Scenes of mimic Woe,
 Had warm'd each Heart, made ev'ry Eye to flow,
 Straight, as ashamed of what themselves had done,
 Fall off at once from Reason's sacred Throne, 25
 Resolv'd its beauteous Image to deface,
 E'er yet its sacred Power had taken Place;
 Trip nimbly forwards, from behind the Scene,
 The just Reverse of what they both had been, 30
 A Fop the Hero, a Coquet the Queen.
 With trifling Jest, and ill-tim'd Repartee,
 From Reason's tiresome Yoke to set you free.

And

And oh ! with deep Confusion be it sung,
 With Peals of loud Applause the ecchoing Roofs have rung. 35

BUT to our Point——the Author of this Play
 Meant it the following Precepts to convey,
 That Kings by stretching regal Pow'r too far,
 Oft Times let loose the Rage of civil War.
 Yet still points out in *Piercy's* wayward Fate, 40
 Rebellion meets it's just Reward,——t'ho' late.
 Rebels and Traytors, tho' by Heav'n's Command,
 Ordain'd the Means to scourge a guilty Land ;
 Yet in their Turns are doom'd to undergo
 Severer Tortures, and a deeper Woe. 45
 Still punish'd by the Means themselves have fram'd,
 They fall despis'd, detested and defam'd.

IF thro' our Means these Precepts meet Regard,
 Let this our Virtue be it's own Reward.
 Far be 't from us, to strive to take away
 Their kindly Force, or to impede their Sway ;
 Deep in your Minds may they remain impress'd,
 And Loyalty prevail in ev'ry *British* Breast.

The SCHOOL-BOYS SOLILOQUY.

TO learn or not to learn,——that is the Question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the School to suffer
 The Thumps and Lashes of outrageous Masters,
 Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,
 And by opposing end them——to go——to play—— 5
 No more; and by that Play to say we ease
 The Heart ach, and the thousand natural Blows
 Our Flesh is Heir to; ——'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. ——To go to learn
 To learn——perchance be flogg'd——ay——there's the Rub; 10
 For in the labour'd Task what Blows may come,
 When we have study'd o'er the tedious Book,
 Must give us Pain. ——There's the Respect
 That makes the School so tiresome to the Boy.
 For who would bear the angry Master's Frown, 15
 The low degrading Seat, the loud-tongu'd Threat,
 The numbing Ferrule, and the Tingling Rod?

The patient School-boy must unmurmuring take,
 When he himself might his Quietus make
 With playing Truant.——Who would Lashes bear, 20
 To sweat and groan beneath a Master's Hand ?
 But that the dread of something out of School, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those Blows we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of.
 Thus Masters do make Blockheads of us all : 25
 And thus the active Spirit of our Birth
 Is cow'd, and aw'd, and damp'd by frequent Beating ;
 And from those Studies which we else might love——
 We turn away with hate.



To the AUTHOR of
C L A R I S S A.

I.

THE Court was met, and on his Throne,
 In all the Pomp of State,
 To vindicate his injur'd Crown,
 The great APOLLO sat.

II.

When Silence (from his Lips) he broke,
 And as he sought Support,
 With smiling Gentleness he spoke,
 And thus address'd the Court ;

III.

“ Beloved Brothers of our Realm,
 “ Ye Bards of ancient Times,
 “ Who fit unrival'd at the Helm
 “ Of Poetry and Rhimes.

IV.

“ On yonder Orb, an Author dwells,
 “ Whose Worth exceeds our Fame ;
 “ Of whom resounding Echo tells,
 “ And RICHARDSON his Name.

V. “ He

V.

“ He charms a new invented way,
 “ Regardless of the lyre,
 “ Bows not beneath our sovereign sway,
 “ Nor asks our aid t’ inspire.

VI.

“ My injur’d rights and yours, demands
 “ To pull the oppressor down :
 “ I ask assistance at your hands,
 “ To vindicate my crown.

VII.

“ Nor should I fear alone his art ;
 “ But nature joins her aid
 “ With him to melt, and please each heart,
 “ With him t’ improve the maid.”

VIII

He said, and ceas’d——His council heard,
 And long debates arose ;
 Whether to honour him they fear’d,
 Or him they fear’d oppose.

IX.

At length the bards around the throne

Determin'd thus and said,

“ As long as SHAKESPEARE's name is known

“ CLARISSA shall be read.

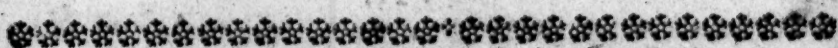
X.

“ Then let us cease this well-caus'd fear,

“ And strive to share his fame,

“ And for the future take we care,

“ With his to add our name.”



EPILOGUE

TO

LADY JANE GRAY.

*Acted in the Time of the REBELLION by YOUNG
GENTLEMEN for their Diversion.*

[By W. F. G.]

NOW ev'ry tender breast with Sorrow heaves
For martyr'd JANE, and gentle GUILDFORD grieves,
Shall we, with Jokes, dispell the gen'rous woe ;
Call off the tears that Pity taught to flow ;

And

And now our tender, tragic story's done, 5

Pervert its moral to a senseless Pun ?

No _____

We scorn the same that's got by ways like these ;

We'll please with honour, or we'll never please :

Devoid of ribaldry and luscious rhyme,

Our Epilogue shall suit the present time. 10

WOULD you, ye fair ones, lasting praise obtain,

Pursue th' example of immortal JANE.

No fond desire of sway her Breast annoy'd ;

Nor ev'n a Kingdom's loss her Peace destroy'd ;

ROME's servile offers greatly she despis'd, 15

Her Faith, her Country, Husband, only priz'd :

The same in public as in private life,

A matchless princess and a tender Wife :

Replete with ev'ry grace, she glorious dy'd,

Her sex's Pattern, and her sex's Pride. 20

LEARN, Britons, from this play what woes will come,

If e're you're govern'd by imperious ROME.

New MARYS and new GARD'NERS will arise ;

New Scenes of Horror terrify your Eyes :

The Stake, the Ax, the Gibbet, and the Wheel, 25
 The slowly pois'ning Draught, the quickly killing Steel.

ROUZE then to Fame!—nor bear the ruffian bands
 Of lawless rebels ravaging your lands,
 Of slaves to FRANCE and arbitrary sway,
 Who fight for Plunder and who kill for Pay. 30

TO arms! To arms!—attend your Country's call,
 Together conquer, or together fall:
 Boldly defend great GEORGE's rightful Claim,
 Your Laws, your Lives, your Freedom and your Fame.



BAD VERSES.

Wrote on the Back of some very bad VERSES which a Gentleman made on BELINDA's speaking some Lines from the FAIR PENITENT.

[*By the Same.*]

BELINDA's perfections strike all with surprize,
 Who hear and who see the dear maid;
 The Wit and the Dull, the Fool and the Wife
 Alike by her charms are betray'd.

So ORPHEUS of old, as the Poets recite,
 With his music such transport inspir'd,
 His strains were so moving and gave such delight,
 That *Men* and *Brutes* also admir'd.

But you fair BELINDA, old ORPHEUS excell,
 (Your praise each that sees you rehearſes).
 Since the charms of your *ſpeaking* alone can compell
 Ev'n DUNCES themselves—— to *write Verſes*.

TO SLEEP.

SLEEP poſſeſs me,
 Lull the cares which now oppreſs me
 In thy ſoft deluſive dreams,
 Paint me Grottos,
 Trees impreſs'd with am'rous Mottes,
 Flow'ry Meads and purling Streams.

SHEW my *Celia*
 Smiling like the kinder *Delia*,
 When *Amintor* breath'd his flame;

Grant her loving,
 Ev'ry rapture still approving,
 Then will I revere thy Name.

B.

SONG.

TO *Eliza* the fair,
 With a languishing air,
Amintor wou'd once be prevailing;
 But the maid, with disdain,
 Not regarding his pain,
 Avoided his tender bewailing.

WHEN *Amintor* perceiv'd
 The more piteous he griev'd
 She gave him less hope of her favour;
 He resolv'd in his turn
 To make the Nymph burn,
 By an equal indiff'rent behaviour.

IF e'er she was nigh
Amintor wou'd fly,
 And seem'd so untouch'd by her charms,

That

That *Eliza* thought best
 To finish the jest,
 And take the fond youth to her Arms. B.

On MISS M—C—Y

THE Black, the Fair, the Gay, the Young,
 The Red, the Witty and the Brown,
 And ev'ry Belle about the town
 Had been the subject of my Song ;
 For then I knew not PEGGY.

BUT for the Black, the Fair, the Brown,
 The Gay, the Witty and the Young,
 For them no more I'll tune the song,
 Or sing the Belles about the town,
 Since now I know fair PEGGY.

FOR her alone I'll strike the strings,
 For her invoke the sacred nine,
 Would she but deign her Voice to join,
 Angels, list'ning while she sings,
 Wou'd own the charms of PEGGY.

NO more will I deride the God,
 No more inconstant will I prove,
 No more deny the pow'r of love,
 But bow beneath and own the rod,
 And sing of lovely PEGGY.

YE vocal echoes all around
 Attentive hear my gentle flame,
 And back reverberate her name,
 And answer to the pleasing sound
 Of charming, charming PEGGY.

THUS If alone I gain esteem,
 Nor vainly hoping merit hate,
 Contentedly I'll bless my fate,
 And still my greatest pleasure deem
 To be a Friend of PEGGY's.

S O N N E T.

Set by Mr. DEFESH. [*By Miss V—.*]

I.

AH! pity COLIN, cruel fair,
 Think on his sighs and tears;
 His sighs regardless as the air,
 And without Hope his Fears.

COLIN

II.

COLIN was once the blytheft swain
That e're in ALBION dwelt,
He laught at love's destroying pain ;
For Love he ne'er had felt.

III.

The neighb'ring nymphs had often try'd
To lure the youth to love,
An he as oft their suit deny'd,
Nor wou'd that passion prove.

IV.

But now, Alas, how chang'd his state !
With folded arms he walks,
Upbraids his weakness, curses fate,
And with distraction talks.

V.

No more soft music's soothing charms
Can give the swain delight,
No more the bowl his bosom warms,
Or rural sports invite.

VI.

Relent, fair Maid, e'er COLIN dies,
Nor let him mourn in vain

His slighted passion, hopeless sighs,

And disregarded pain.

VII.

Reflect MYRTILLA, on his grief,

And on your cruel hate :

Reward his love, and bring relief,

Before it is too late.



V E R S E S,

Sent to BELINDA on VALENTINE'S-Day.

[By D. E. B.]

AS musing last night in my Study I sat

Revolving each doubtful design,

How I to my Wish might determine my Fate

And fix my to-day's VALENTINE.

Displeas'd with the forms to which Custom and Fancy

Our choice has presum'd to confine,

Whereby *SUKY* or *KITTY* or *NELLY* or *NANCY*

Might either prove my VALENTINE.

I resolv'd to break thro' their impertinent rule,

No longer give Folly the Line ;

But leave chance to decide for all senseless dull fools,

Whilst I chuse my own VALENTINE.

I look'd round the world for a Maid to my mind,

In whom all the Graces should join,

And none but my charming BELINDA could find

So fit to be my VALENTINE.

For where Beauty, Good-nature, Wit, Genius, and Spirit

In one lovely charmer combine,

Without making resistance I yield to such merit,

And chuse her for my VALENTINE.

'Tis she with whom all these perfections agree,

'Tis she who alone is divine,

Then she for to-day, and for ever shall be

My only and true VALENTINE.

Then, whoever may first have saluted your eyes,

My right will I never resign;

Nor yield to a rival so glorious a prize,

As my lawful and true VALENTINE.

K 4

ODE

O D E

On BELINDA's Birth-day, *Feb. 16, 1752.*

[*By the Same.*]

RECITATIVE.

FULL sixteen times the bright all-cheering Sun,
 With unretarded roll, his course has run,
 As often welcom'd this returning morn
 Since fair BELINDA, heav'nly maid! was born.
 Then to her charms, O muse, thy tribute pay,
 And greet with songs of joy her natal day.

A I R.

Hail! to this delightful morn;
 Happy may it still return;
 No misfortunes e'er annoy,
 Blast it's hopes or check it's joy.

C H O R U S.

*LET all mankind their Voices raise
 To chant the fair BELINDA's praise;
 And ev'ry muse her tribute pay
 To celebrate her natal day.*

RECITATIVE.

BUT on, my CLIO, to BELINDA's praise,
 Collect the utmost power of thy lays,

Aid

Aid me her wond'rous worth with truth to sing,
Strike ev'ry note and strain each sounding string.

A subject offers worthy of the lyre : [spire.

For bright BELINDA's charms might brutes themselves in-

A I R.

IN fa'r BELINDA's lovely face

What various charms conspire !

Sweetness and all bewitching grace,

With majesty and fire.

But if of charms so bright a tribe

Within her Face we find,

Oh ! say what words can e'er describe

The beauties of her mind.

There virtue, innocence, and truth

In native pomp reside,

Untainted with the faults of youth,

And undefil'd by pride.

Her gen'rous soul with warmth disdains

Those arts the sex display,

To triumph in a lover's pains,

And wound because they may.

For while no weak or guilty flame

Within her bosom glows,

She

She scorns the false, delusive shame

The prude or wanton knows.

RECITATIVE.

BUT soft ! no longer this vain task pursue ;
 Idly we strive to give her worth it's due.
 Leave to her deeds those merits to proclaim,
 Which must obtain, unfought, a lasting Fame ;
 Whilst we alone, with distant homage pay
 Just rites to her and to her natal Day.
 First, then assume the smooth and tender air,
 Sweet as herself, to sing th' angelic fair.

A I R.

SOUND the softly warbling Flute,
 Teach the love-inspiring lute,
 'Tender thrilling,
 Gently killing,
 Like herself with rapture filling.
 Softly sweet the notes shall move,
 Exciting harmony and love.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

*LET all mankind their voices raise
To chant the fair BELINDA's praise;
And ev'ry muse her tribute pay
To celebrate her natal day.*

RECITATIVE.

Next let us strive her virtues to rehearse
In loftier measure and sublimer verse;
Strong and sonorous let the numbers flow,
Exalted as the excellence they show.

AIR.

LET the kettle and the trumpet sound,
Let echo to the hills rebound,
Let all the world in concert join:
To bright BELINDA's praise,
All, all, their voices raise,
To bright BELINDA's praise, who is alone divine.

CHORUS.

*LET all mankind their voices raise
To chant the fair BELINDA's praise;
And ev'ry muse her tribute pay
To celebrate her natal day.*

*Inveni portum, spes et fortuna valet
Sat me lufistis, ludite nunc alios.*

A PARODY, attempted in English.

Since in my port I'm safe arriv'd,
Farewell vain hope and Fancy;
Enough yo've sported with my pride,
Now seek to be some other's guide,
And leave me to my NANCY.

EPIGRAM.

MISS PEGGY at church, on the conjugal day,
After *cherish* and *love*, mutter'd, inwardly 'bey;
For clipping that *word*, it came into her head,
She was bound to perform no more than she said:
The PARSON as prudent, insisted to hear
O—BEY repeated both distinctly and clear
Till her spouse interposing, said, " Let it pass so
" E'er the bus'ness is done, I will make her cry O——"



F I N I S.